



Lockett,
Yang Yang,
Korea

Mr. James V. Lockett,
Dunn Loring or
Vienna,

Oct 3, 1913

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Dearest Boy - I never feel I can write to anyone until I have first written to you. I think you are always present in my mind whatever I am doing. I find myself thinking and planning for you. My homesickest hours are the longing for you. How I long now, tonight to know just how things are with you. I am sitting here alone at 8:30, in our dining room. The children are all in bed - they go at 7:30 but it takes more than a half hour for them to get quiet. I had expected to go to prayer meeting tonight - (it is at one of the missionary homes) and one of the servants always comes to be here while I am away. I expected to go but the lady I was to go with had gone when I went to the house and I was afraid to go alone. She did not know I was coming to go with her - so I will take the time to write to you as I have all my lessons for tomorrow. Today at school two young men, brothers, from America, visited the school - they are in Korea for some business with a Bible Society. Then this afternoon the Secy to the Japanese Gov. and two Japanese men, gave us a call. They speak some English. The Japanese love to see everything - they are absorbed with curiosity. The first month of school is over - and it has gone like lightning. I never was as really busy in my life as everything must be done like clockwork and at just the same time. It is intensely

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portant as it can be and I really
love it but I am not sure how
I am going to hold out. I have
suffered constantly with my head
for two weeks. I have those dizzy
spells I used to have when dear
Pap was so bad - and a pain in
my head that almost unnerves
me at times. Dr. Wells is away
just now but when he comes home
I intend to get him to give me some-
thing. Our last boy came on Sat-
urday. He is a funny combination. He
is an overgrown ten-year-old Canadian
who has never played with foreign child-
ren and doesn't know how - nor
how to go to school, never having been
in school nor how to act like a civil-
ized boy. He has been spoiled and
allowed all sorts of undisciplined
ways and eats something, apples,
chestnuts, anything he can get every
minute he is at the table, much
to the disgust of the other children.
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of fruit and chickens, and vegetables,
just like our darkies. The mission-
aries have planted lots of fruit
trees but when the fruit is getting
ripe they all have to hire watchmen
to guard the trees all night. The
man builds a little hut out near
the trees and watches with clubs
and rocks, all night. Our outside
man has a little mat hut out
near the house and is watching
our apple trees. We had some
stolen the other night and also
a beautiful pair of Plymouth
Rock Chickens that Dr. Moffett
had given us. The man had built
a fine coop with wire and door
in front but the chickens were
taken. They will steal fruit and
sell it - even coming to you to buy
your own stolen fruit. The Jap-
anese do not allow firearms even
in the house, without a license
so we cannot defend ourselves
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I thought it would interest you. Did I tell you how they wish you would come to Pyeng Yang and start an experimental farm and dairy for the Koreans on the fine land ^{the mission here} they have here for the purpose.

We have two weeks vacation at Christmas time. Blanche expects to be here by that time. Miss Fish wants me to go to Peking with her, during the holidays. I don't know just what we will do. The parents from all around in Korea are asking me to come to visit them during the holiday seasons. My glasses all went back on me here. — I had to have two pairs fixed. I broke them, one the glass, one the nose piece. Dr. Wells sent one pair to Japan for me. Everyone is so kind and helpful. They all seem so afraid I won't be well cared

to visit them during the holiday seasons. My glasses all went back on me here. - I had to have two pairs fixed. I broke them, one the glass, one the nose piece. Dr. Wells sent one pair to Japan for me. Everyone is so kind and helpful. They all seem so afraid I won't be well cared for, and that I may get sick - but I won't. When I know that you are free and happy and have a brighter outlook, I think I can feel differently. Dear Lucy begs me to say that I will start home the minute my time is up - and that I will make some plan to live with her! But I can't plan that - or anything else, yet.

It will all work out right, I know. Dear boy you know my love and confidence in you and my constant prayer for you. I know God takes care of you. I wish you would pray especially for my three boys here, Bruce, Albert and Robert. You know what a boy needs in prayer. May the Father keep you very, very precious. With love and prayer ever,
Mother.